

In a Moment
Henry 8A

As Dean rode along the empty road he was overcome with the vastness of everything around him. Everything extended as far as the eye could see--the trees, the rivers, glaciers, and mountains all went on for miles. Then he passed the visitors center. He was disappointed; he thought Alaska would have none of that. He parked his car in between two spaces, there was no point in wasting time aligning his car in the empty parking lot. He got out of the car, unloaded his backpack from the trunk and opened it one last time to check the contents. Tent, sleeping bag, food, bear spray, electric wire, pack raft, clothing and everything else he would need for the next six days. He put the pack on, but then thought for a second, *Do I really need bear spray or wire? I mean this place seems pretty tame.* And with that he threw those two items back into the car.

Later that morning as Dean was hiking in the quiet forest he walked into the path of a massive moose, with an enormous set of antlers. A true gem. Making as little sound as possible he got out his tripod and camera. He set up the shot perfectly. Although the moose was 50 feet away it looked as if it were standing right in front of him. The moment he pressed the shutter however he realized he had made a mistake. The flash went off, followed by a loud animated click. The moose grunted and turned its head, and then it headed towards Dean. Slowly at first, then faster. Realizing what was happening he started to run, and then climbed into a tree. Below his backpack was being trampled by the moose.

After 20 minutes of hiding in the tree Dean got down and inspected his backpack and camera. Although his camera was broken he didn't mind. It was a \$100 Kodak he had taken with him on hiking trips. His backpack was covered in hoof prints but was nevertheless intact. Since it

was nearing sunset, Dean decided to set up camp. Before sunset he had set up his tent, and went on to preparing dinner. He decided on pasta with chicken. At 8:30 he put the food back into his stuff sack which he tied onto a high branch and then went to bed.

The next morning Dean woke to the sound of the alarm on his watch. He moaned and stepped outside. It had been rainy and windy during the night and branches were strewn about. As he inspected his tent to see if there were any tears, he stumbled upon a bright orange object in the ground. As he looked at it he realized it was his stuff sack and it had been ripped open and stolen of its contents. He looked up at the tree it had been hanging on. Now he had to turn around.

As he was floating down the swift river in his pack raft, Dean noticed that the waters were beginning to fill with salmon. He pulled onto a small gravel shore and dug around for his fishing rod. He found it and assembled it in a few seconds. He cast it into the white waters and in a few seconds he felt a tug. As he reeled in the line, he caught a glimpse of it. Eleven inches or so. He would eat it to replenish his energy since he had lost his food. *Stupid bears*, he thought.

As he prepared his catch for eating, Dean heard something approaching from behind him. He turned around and there it was. A Grizzly, towering over him staring at the fish in his hand. He dropped the fish and tore open his backpack in search of the bear spray. And then he remembered.